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THE TRANSFORMERS
SPOTLIGHT
GALVATRON

Convinced he has a higher calling, a locked away potential that marks him out from the mass, he fears nothing, not even death. That driving conviction in his own destiny has propelled him time and again into the darkest reaches of the unknown, forever seeking the one elusive revelation that would unlock the secrets of his own labyrinthine consciousness. His name…

… IS GALVATRON!

THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT GALVATRON

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Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Elizabeth Griffin, Sheri Lucci, Richard Zambarano, Jared Jones, Michael Provost, Michael Richie, and Michael Verrecchia for their invaluable assistance.

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THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT GALVATRON. JULY 2007. FIRST PRINTING. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 4411 Morena Blvd., Suite 106, San Diego, CA 92117.

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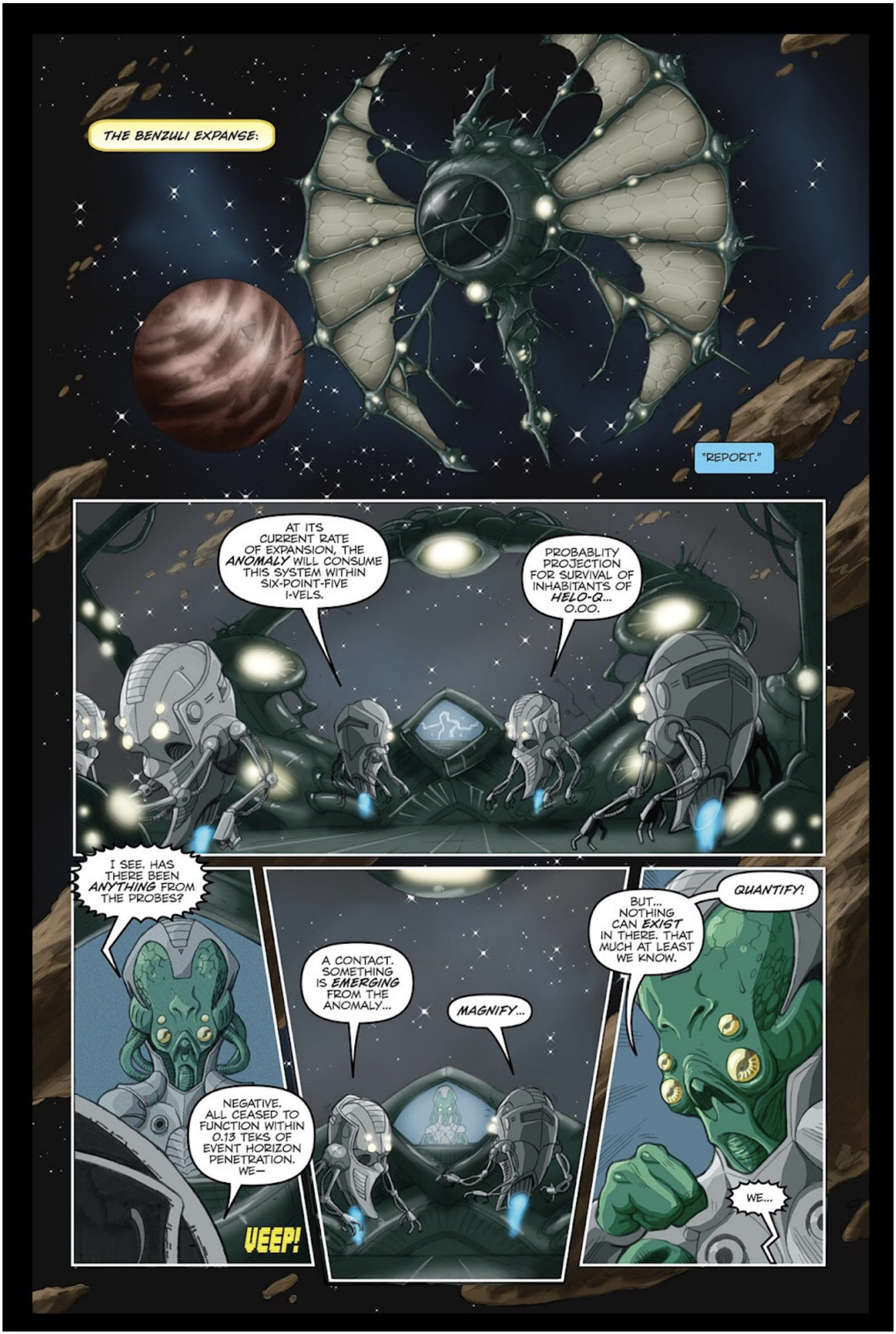
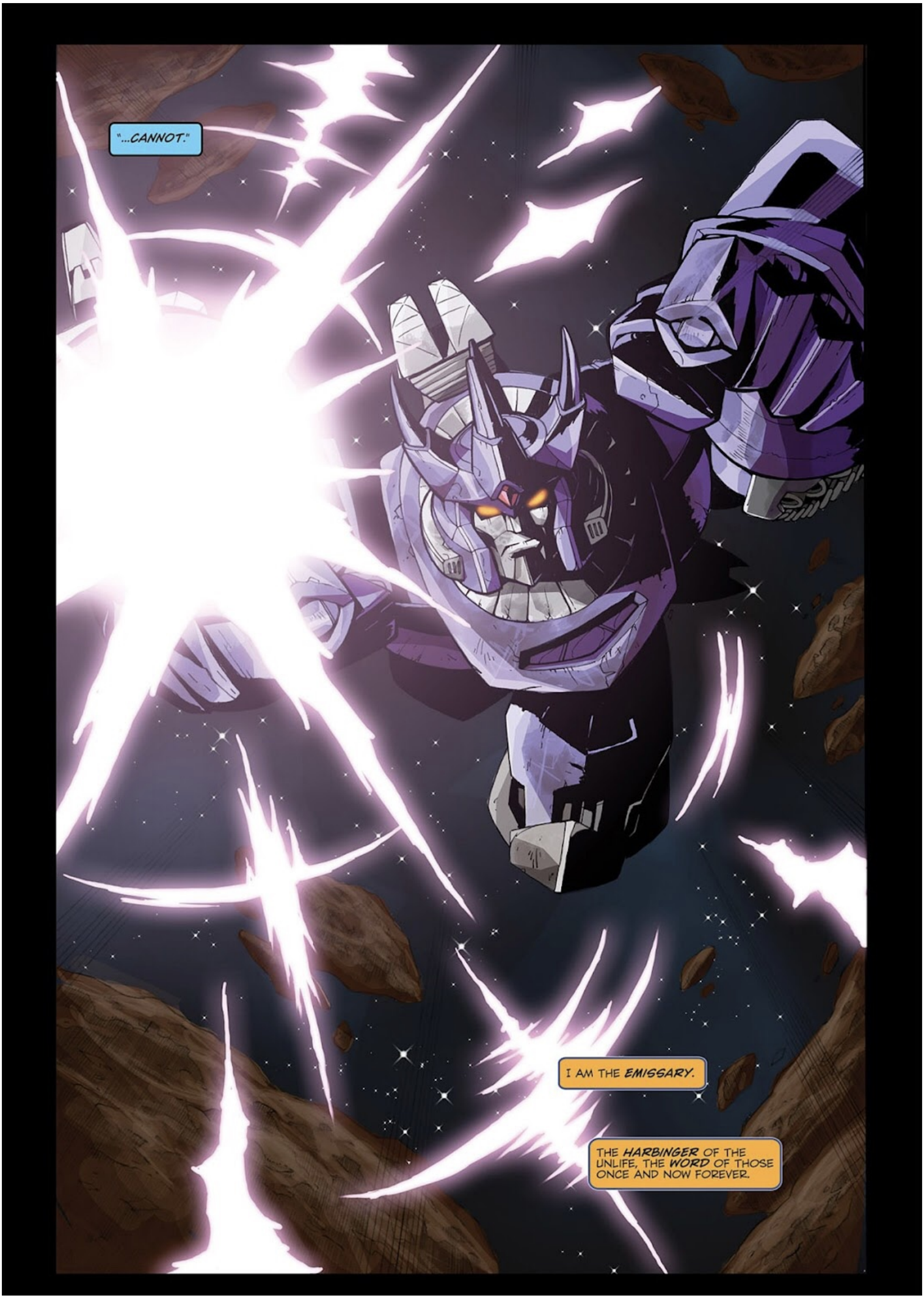
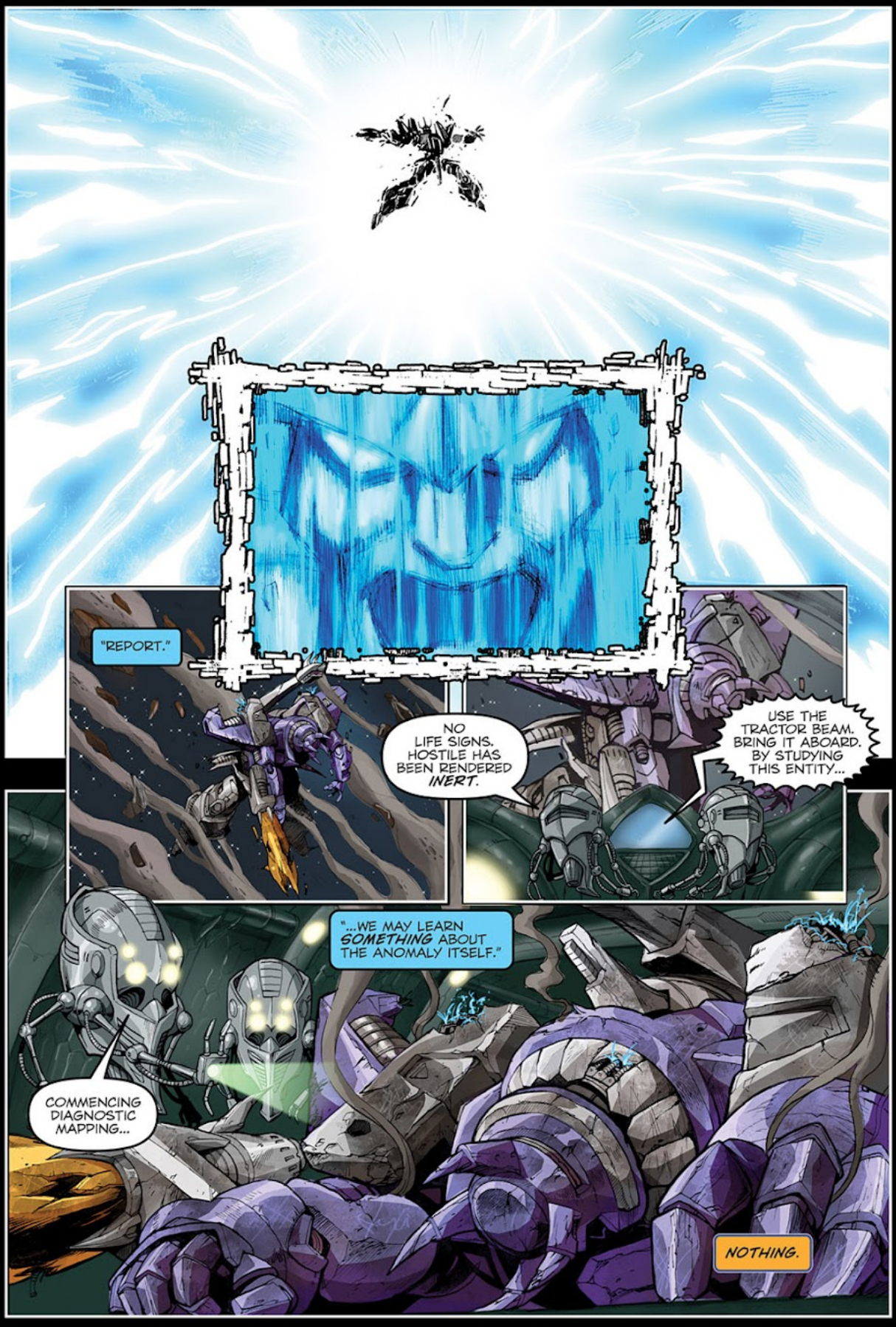

THE BENZULI EXPANSE:
"REPORT."
AT ITS CURRENT RATE OF EXPANSION, THE ANOMALY WILL CONSUME THIS SYSTEM WITHIN SIX-POINT-FIVE I-VELS.
PROBABLITY PROJECTION FOR SURVIVAL OF INHABITANTS OF HELO-Q... 0.00.
I SEE. HAS THERE BEEN ANYTHING FROM THE PROBES?
NEGATIVE. ALL CEASED TO FUNCTION WITHIN 0.13 TEKS OF EVENT HORIZON PENETRATION. WE—
VEEP!
A CONTACT. SOMETHING IS EMERGING FROM THE ANOMALY...
MAGNIFY...
BUT... NOTHING CAN EXIST IN THERE. THAT MUCH AT LEAST WE KNOW.
QUANTIFY!
WE...

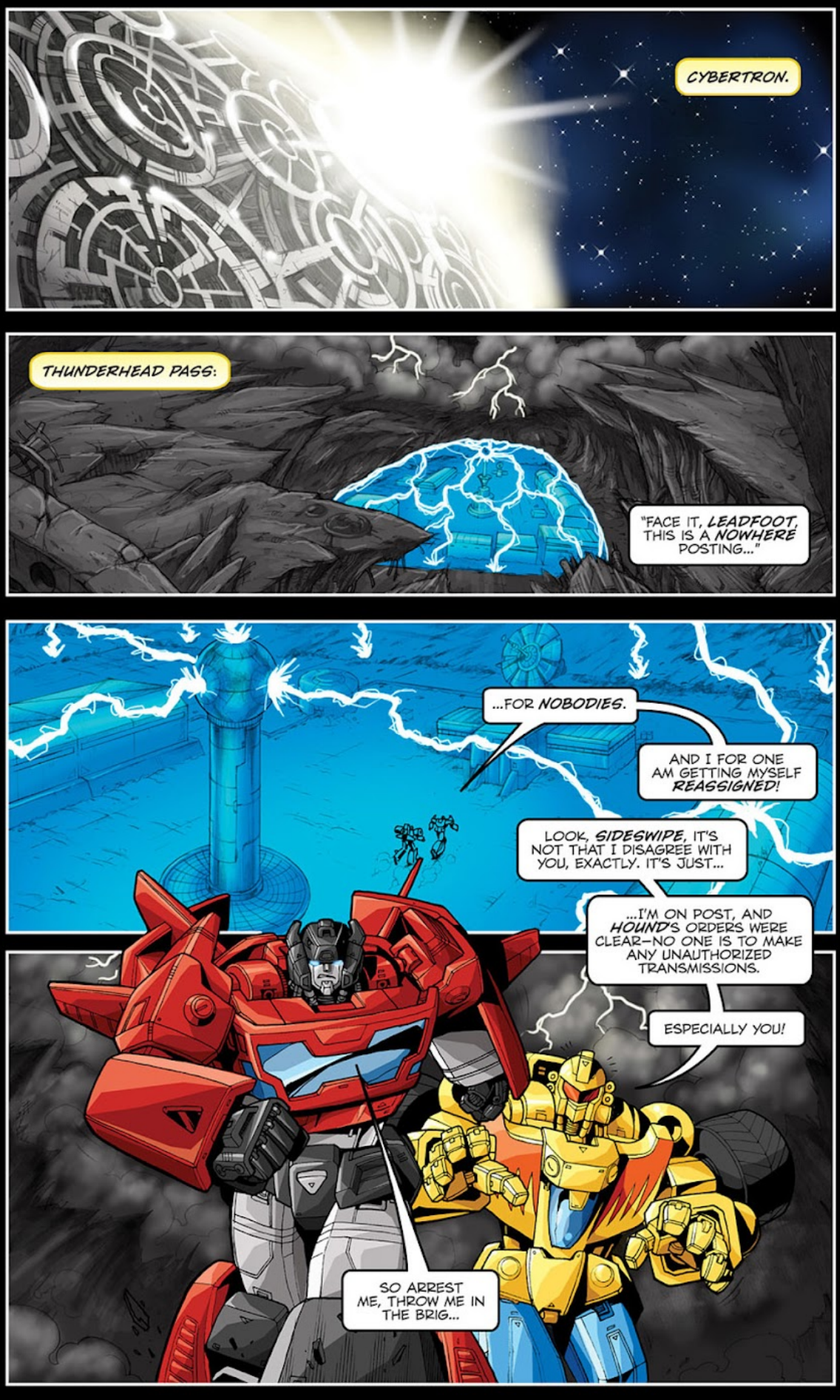

"...CANNOT."
I AM THE *EMISSARY.*
THE *HARBINGER* OF THE UNLIFE, THE *WORD* OF THOSE ONCE AND NOW FOREVER.

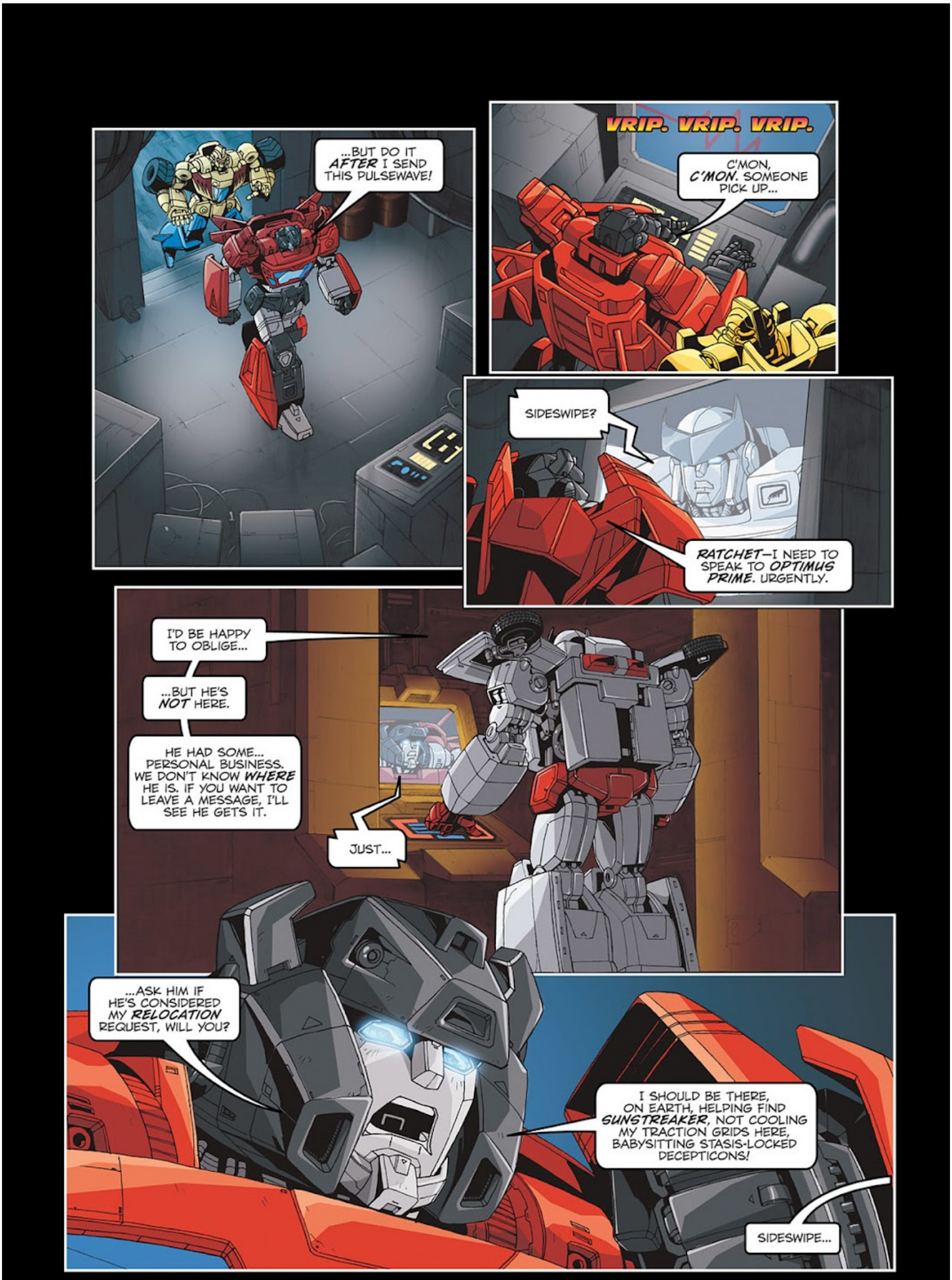
NOTHING CAN STOP ME IN MY APPOINTED TASK.
VAAARK!
CHMMMM!
WE ARE ATTACKED. SPECIES UNKNOWN. INTENT... UNKNOWN.
STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY AT SEVENTY-TWO PERCENT.
ACTIVATE THE BARRAGE ARMAMENTS. AS THEY'RE DESIGNED TO PULVERISE WHOLE COMETS...
"...THEY SHOULD MAKE SHORT WORK OF A SINGLE HOSTILE."

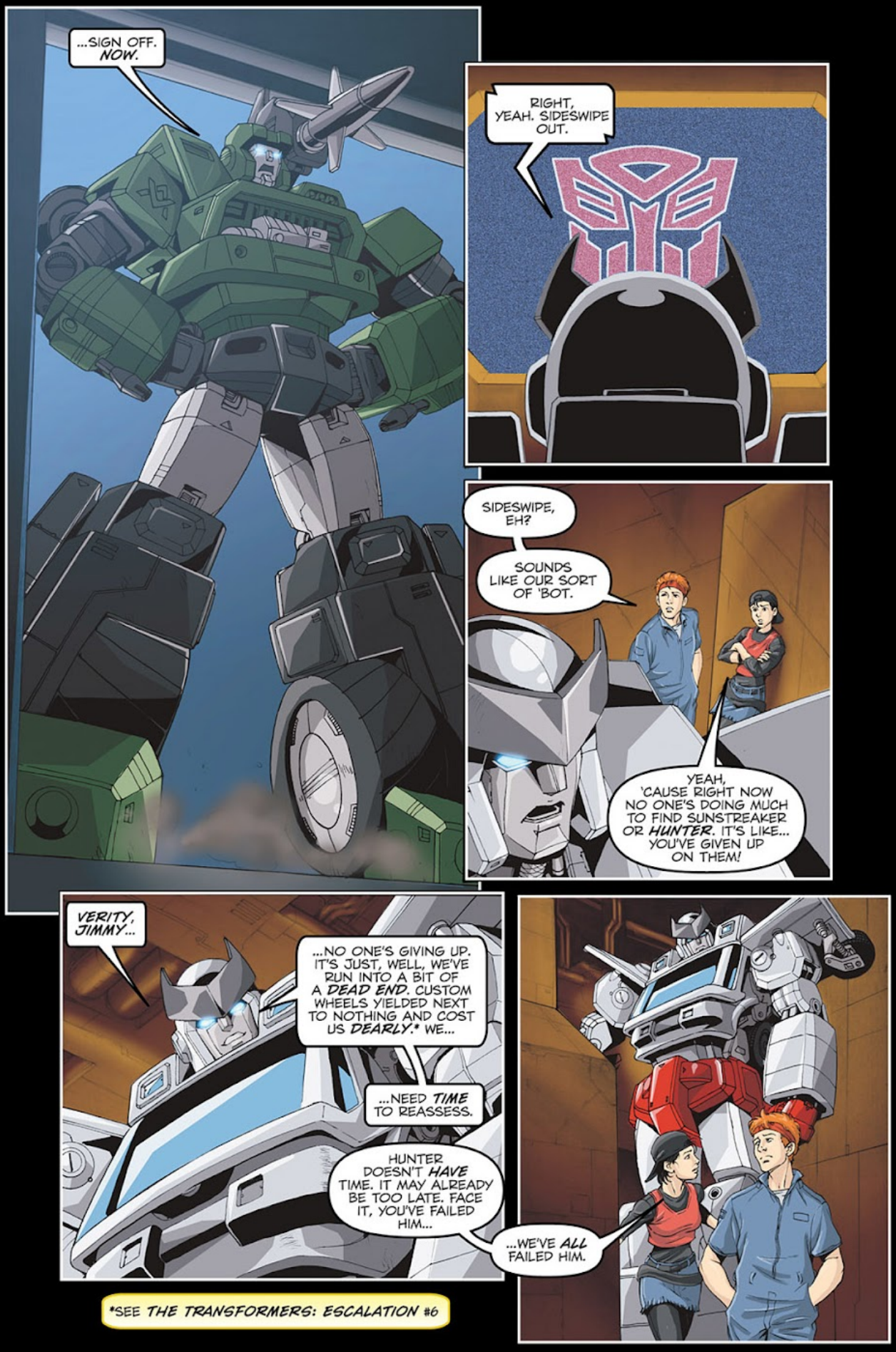

"REPORT."
NO LIFE SIGNS. HOSTILE HAS BEEN RENDERED *INERT*.
USE THE TRACTOR BEAM. BRING IT ABOARD. BY STUDYING THIS ENTITY...
"...WE MAY LEARN *SOMETHING* ABOUT THE ANOMALY ITSELF."
COMMENCING DIAGNOSTIC MAPPING...
NOTHING.

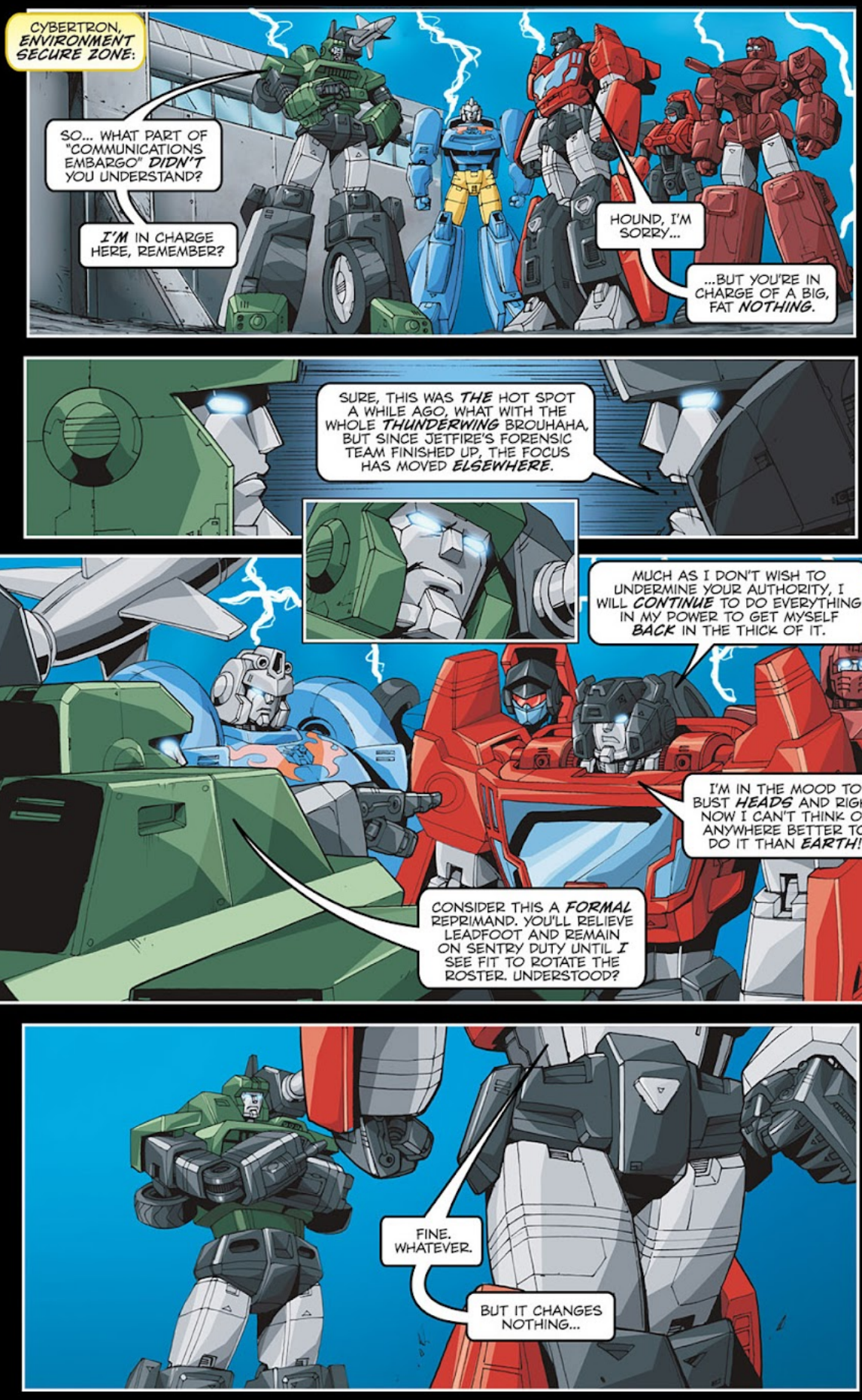
SKITCH!
KRIKTT!
THE EXPANSION IS UPON US. NO ONE CAN STOP IT. NOT YOU, NOT I.
HOWEVER, YOUR PRESENCE HERE IS CAUSING... UNREST.
AND THEREFORE WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.
THRAITCH!

I DO HIS BIDDING.
ALERT! RESTRICTED ACCESS AREA HAS BEEN—
FOR NOW!
VZAAAK!
WHILE HE COMMANDS THE DARKNESS, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DO SO.
SHAAK!
BUT IF HE THINKS I AM CONTENT TO REMAIN HIS HERALD FOREVER...
...HE DOES NOT KNOW ME AT ALL!
SECONDARY OBJECTIVE ACHIEVED.
PROCEEDING TO PRIMARY OBJECTIVE...

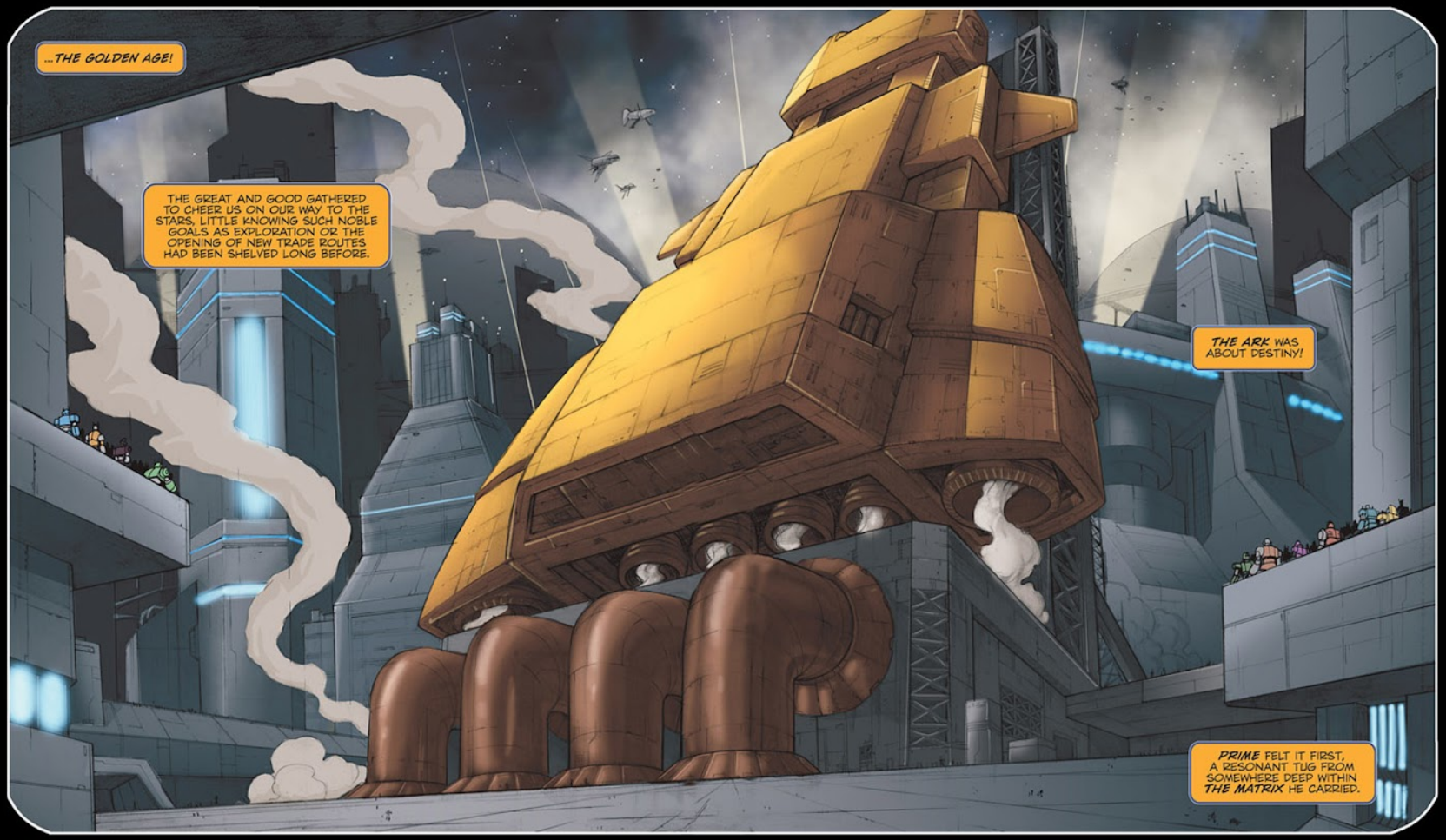

CYBERTRON.
THUNDERHEAD PASS:
"FACE IT, LEADFOOT, THIS IS A NOWHERE POSTING..."
...FOR NOBODIES.
AND I FOR ONE AM GETTING MYSELF REASSIGNED!
LOOK, SIDESWIPE, IT'S NOT THAT I DISAGREE WITH YOU, EXACTLY. IT'S JUST...
...I'M ON POST, AND HOUND'S ORDERS WERE CLEAR—NO ONE IS TO MAKE ANY UNAUTHORIZED TRANSMISSIONS.
ESPECIALLY YOU!
SO ARREST ME, THROW ME IN THE BRIG...


...BUT DO IT *AFTER* I SEND THIS PULSEWAVE!
VRIP. VRIP. VRIP.
C'MON, *C'MON*. SOMEONE PICK UP...
SIDESWIPE?
RATCHET—I NEED TO SPEAK TO *OPTIMUS PRIME*. URGENTLY.
I'D BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE...
...BUT HE'S *NOT* HERE.
HE HAD SOME... PERSONAL BUSINESS. WE DON'T KNOW *WHERE* HE IS. IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE, I'LL SEE HE GETS IT.
JUST...
...ASK HIM IF HE'S CONSIDERED MY *RELOCATION* REQUEST, WILL YOU?
I SHOULD BE THERE, ON EARTH, HELPING FIND *SUNSTREAKER*, NOT COOLING MY TRACTION GRIDS HERE, BABYSITTING STASIS-LOCKED DECEPTICONS!
SIDESWIPE...


...SIGN OFF. NOW.
RIGHT, YEAH. SIDESWIPE OUT.
SIDESWIPE, EH?
SOUNDS LIKE OUR SORT OF 'BOT.
YEAH, 'CAUSE RIGHT NOW NO ONE'S DOING MUCH TO FIND SUNSTREAKER OR HUNTER. IT'S LIKE... YOU'VE GIVEN UP ON THEM!
VERITY, JIMMY...
...NO ONE'S GIVING UP. IT'S JUST, WELL, WE'VE RUN INTO A BIT OF A DEAD END. CUSTOM WHEELS YIELDED NEXT TO NOTHING AND COST US DEARLY.* WE...
...NEED TIME TO REASSESS.
HUNTER DOESN'T HAVE TIME. IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE. FACE IT, YOU'VE FAILED HIM...
...WE'VE ALL FAILED HIM.
*SEE THE TRANSFORMERS: ESCALATION #6


CYBERTRON, ENVIRONMENT SECURE ZONE:
SO... WHAT PART OF "COMMUNICATIONS EMBARGO" DIDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
I'M IN CHARGE HERE, REMEMBER?
HOUND, I'M SORRY...
...BUT YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF A BIG, FAT NOTHING.
SURE, THIS WAS THE HOT SPOT A WHILE AGO, WHAT WITH THE WHOLE THUNDERWING BROUHAHA, BUT SINCE JETFIRE'S FORENSIC TEAM FINISHED UP, THE FOCUS HAS MOVED ELSEWHERE.
MUCH AS I DON'T WISH TO UNDERMINE YOUR AUTHORITY, I WILL CONTINUE TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO GET MYSELF BACK IN THE THICK OF IT.
I'M IN THE MOOD TO BUST HEADS AND RIGHT NOW I CAN'T THINK OF ANYWHERE BETTER TO DO IT THAN EARTH!
CONSIDER THIS A FORMAL REPRIMAND. YOU'LL RELIEVE LEADFOOT AND REMAIN ON SENTRY DUTY UNTIL I SEE FIT TO ROTATE THE ROSTER. UNDERSTOOD?
FINE. WHATEVER.
BUT IT CHANGES NOTHING...

CYBERTRON...
...HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
BEFORE WAR...
BEFORE CHAOS...
BEFORE FACTIONS...
CYBERTRON...


...THE GOLDEN AGE!
THE GREAT AND GOOD GATHERED TO CHEER US ON OUR WAY TO THE STARS, LITTLE KNOWING SUCH NOBLE GOALS AS EXPLORATION OR THE OPENING OF NEW TRADE ROUTES HAD BEEN SHELVED LONG BEFORE.
THE ARK WAS ABOUT DESTINY!
PRIME FELT IT FIRST, A RESONANT TUG FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN THE MATRIX HE CARRIED.

IT WAS, HE DESCRIBED...
FWUUMM!
..."LIKE A DOOR OPENING."

A DOOR TO SOMEWHERE ELSE. AND WITHIN...
...ABSOLUTE POWER!

A BOTTOMLESS WELL, A DARK MIRROR OF THE MATRIX ITSELF—THE MEANS TO REMAKE THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.
BUT THE VENTURE...

...WAS TO END IN FAILURE.
ALL EFFORTS TO PROBE THE YAWNING NOTHINGNESS THAT DOMINATED THE BENZULI EXPANSE PROVED FUTILE.

WE HAD COME SO FAR, RISKED SO MUCH... AND YET, SEEMINGLY, THE ANSWERS WE SOUGHT WERE AS DISTANT AS WHEN WE HAD SET OUT.
SOMEHOW, THOUGH, I SENSED THAT IT WAS THERE, THE KEY THAT WOULD FINALLY UNLOCK THE POTENTIAL I'D ALWAYS KNOWN LAY WITHIN ME.

MY DESTINY.

I HAD BEEN SELECTED FOR THE MISSION BASED ON A CERTAIN RECKLESS WILLINGNESS TO THROW MYSELF INTO THE UNKNOWN.
BUT NONE OF THEM EVER TRULY SUSPECTED...
...JUST HOW FAR I WAS WILLING TO GO!

WHO-?
HUUUK-
CURIOUSLY...
...I FEEL SOMETHING LIKE REMORSE.
BOTH FOR THE LIFE TAKEN...
...AND ALL THAT I MYSELF HAVE LOST.
LEADFOOT?
THE TIME, THOUGH, FOR SUCH INTROSPECTION...

...IS CLEARLY LATER.
LEADFOOT!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM!
KLUNNNG!
THRATCH!
YOU...
...ARE GOING TO PAY!

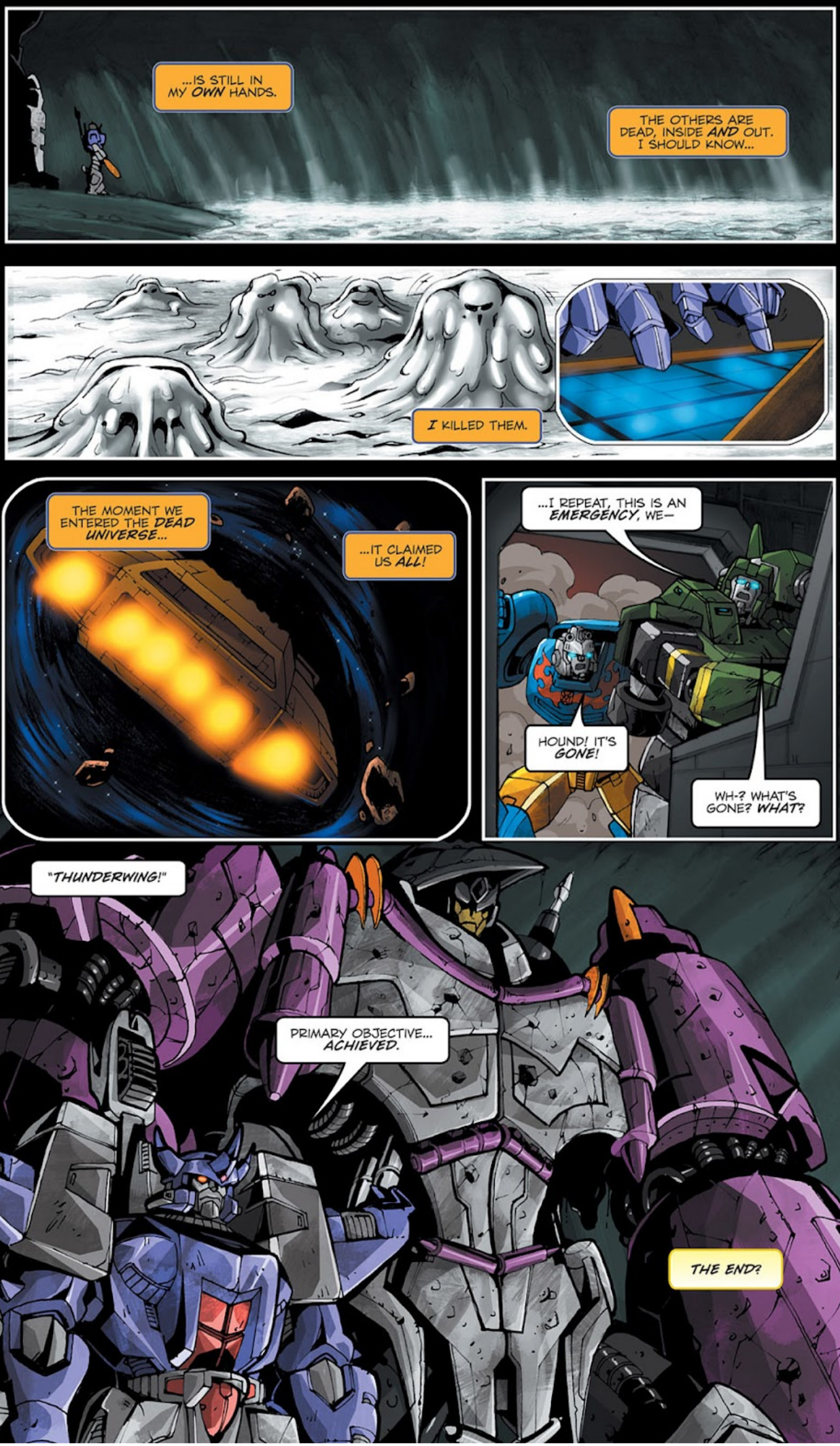
WITH YOUR MISERABLE, MISBEGOTTEN LIFE!
VRAP!
VRAP!
VRAP!
VRAP!
I SHOULD JUST KILL IT. "LEAVE NOTHING ALIVE," HE SAID. INSTEAD, FOR THE TIME BEING AT LEAST...
...I INCAPACITATE.
GHOW!
DA-DOOOM!
OTHERS COME...
WHO THE FRAG IS THAT?
NO IDEA, SKRAM, BUT WE GOT TWO DOWN. I SAY, SHOOT FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER.
DO IT.
BUT I WANT HIM ALIVE!

I LET THEM DO THEIR WORST...
WARPATH, YOU'RE UP!
DUCK AND COVER!
VAAMM!
ROAD ROCKET... CONTAINMENT!
TIME TO TURN UP THE HEAT, DECEPTICON... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!
YEAH, RIGHT... NO INSIGNIA. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THAT IS WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!

OH... OHH. WHAT–?
OH. YEAH.
VMM!
EH? NO–DON'T–

CHAZ-
-ZAKT!
DAMMIT, SIDESWIPE—WHAT'S A CORPSE GOING TO TELL US?
GET OUT OF MY FACE, HOUND. IF ANYONE HAD IT COMING, HE DID!
HUH-
HOUND! HE'S...

...NOT DEAD!
WRONG.
DA-DOOOOM!
I LEAVE THEM ALIVE. THE OTHERS NEED NOT KNOW.
I SEE IT AS A SMALL REBELLION, A REMINDER THAT MY DESTINY...


...IS STILL IN MY OWN HANDS.
THE OTHERS ARE DEAD, INSIDE AND OUT. I SHOULD KNOW...
I KILLED THEM.
THE MOMENT WE ENTERED THE DEAD UNIVERSE...
...IT CLAIMED US ALL!
...I REPEAT, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, WE—
HOUND! IT'S GONE!
WH-? WHAT'S GONE? WHAT?
"THUNDERWING!"
PRIMARY OBJECTIVE... ACHIEVED.
THE END?